

*Ref.* Peace I say; good euen to your friend.  
*Cor.* And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.  
*Ref.* I prethee Shepheard, if that loue or gold  
 Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
 Bring vs where we may rest our selues, and feed:  
 Here's a yong maid with trauaile much oppressed,  
 And faints for succour.  
*Cor.* Faire Sir, I pittie her,  
 And wish for her sake more then for mine owne,  
 My fortunes were more able to releue her:  
 But I am shepheard to another man,  
 And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:  
 My master is of churlish disposition,  
 And little wreakes to finde the way to heauen  
 By doing deeds of hospitalitie.  
 Besides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede  
 Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now  
 By reason of his absence there is nothing  
 That you will feed on: but what is, come see,  
 And in my voice most welcome shall you be.  
*Ref.* What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?  
*Cor.* That yong Swaine that you saw heere but ere-  
 while,  
 That little cares for buying any thing.  
*Ref.* I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,  
 Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,  
 And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs.  
*Cor.* And we will mend thy wages:  
 I like this place, and willingly could  
 Waste my time in it.  
*Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold:  
 Go with me, if you like vpon report,  
 The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,  
 I will your very faithfull Feeder be,  
 And buy it with your Gold right sodainly.

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter, Amiens, Jaques, & others.*  
*Song.*  
*Under the Greene wood tree,*  
*who loues to lye with mee,*  
*And turne his merrie Note,*  
*vnto the sweet Birds throte:*  
*Come hisher, come hisher, come hisher:*  
*Heere shall he see no enemy,*  
*But Winter and rough Weather.*

*Iaq.* More, more, I prethee more.  
*Amy.* It will make you melancholly Monsieur Jaques.  
*Iaq.* I thanke it: More, I prethee more,  
 I can sucke melancholly out of a song,  
 As a Weazel suckes egges: More, I prethee more.  
*Amy.* My voice is ragged. I know I cannot please  
 you.  
*Iaq.* I do not desire you to please me,  
 I do desire you to sing:  
 Come, more, another Stanzo: Cal you'em Stanzo's?  
*Amy.* What you wil Monsieur Jaques.  
*Iaq.* Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee  
 nothing. Will you sing?  
*Amy.* More at your request, then to please my selfe.  
*Iaq.* Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke

you: but that they cal complement is like th' encounter  
 of two dog-Apes. And when a man thanks me hartily,  
 me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me  
 the beggerly thanks. Come sing; and you that wil not  
 hold your tongues.

*Amy.* Wel, Ile end the song. Sirs, couer the while,  
 the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this  
 day to looke you.

*Iaq.* And I haue bin all this day to auoid him:  
 He is too disputeable for my companie:  
 I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue  
 Heauen thanks, and make no boast of them.  
 Come, warble, come.

*Song. Altogether heere.*  
*Who doth ambition shunne,*  
*and loues to liue i'th Sunne:*  
*Seeking the food he eateth,*  
*and pleas'd with what he gets:*  
*Come hisher, come hisher, come hisher,*  
*Heere shall he see &c.*

*Iaq.* Ile giue you a verse to this note,  
 That I made yesterday in despight of my Inuention.  
*Amy.* And Ile sing it.

*Amy.* Thus it goes.  
*If it do come to passe, that any man turne Asse:*  
*Leauing his wealth and ease,*  
*A stubborn will to please,*  
*Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:*  
*Heere shall he see, grosse fooles as he,*  
*And if he will come to me.*

*Amy.* What's that Ducdame?  
*Iaq.* 'Tis a Greeke inuocation, to call fooles into a cir-  
 cle. Ile go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all  
 the first borne of Egypt.  
*Amy.* And Ile go seeke the Duke,  
 His banquet is prepar'd.

## Scena Sexta.

*Enter Orlando, & Adam.*

*Adam.* Deere Master, I can go no further:  
 O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,  
 And measure out my graue. Farwel kinde master.  
*Orl.* Why how now Adam? No greater heart in thee:  
 Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.  
 If this vncouth Forrest yeeld any thing sauage,  
 I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:  
 Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers.  
 For my sake be comfortable, hold deatch a while  
 At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee presently,  
 And if I bring thee not something to eate,  
 I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou diest  
 Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.  
 Wel said, thou look'st cheereley,  
 And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou liest  
 In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee  
 To some shelter, and thou shalt not die  
 For lacke of a dinner,  
 If there liue any thing in this Desert.  
 Cheereley good Adam.

## Scena Septima.

*Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like Out-laws.*

*Du. Sen.* I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,  
 For I can no where finde him, like a man.  
*Lord.* My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence,  
 Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.  
*Du. Sen.* If he compact of iarres, grow Musically,  
 We shall haue shortly discord in the Spheares:  
 Go seeke him, tell him I would speake with him.

*Enter Jaques.*

*Lord.* He fautes my labor by his owne approach.  
*Du. Sen.* Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this  
 That your poore friends must woe your companie,  
 What, you looke merrily.  
*Iaq.* A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forrest,  
 A motley Foole (a miserable world):  
 As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,  
 Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,  
 And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,  
 In good set termes, and yet a motley foole.  
 Good morrow foole (quoth I): no Sir, quoth he,  
 Call me not foole, till heauen hath sent me fortune,  
 And then he drew a diall from his poake,  
 And looking on it, with laeke-lustre eye,  
 Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke:  
 Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world wagg'es:  
 'Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,  
 And after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen,  
 And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,  
 And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,  
 And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heere  
 The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,  
 My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,  
 That Fooles should be so deepe contemplatiue:  
 And I did laugh, fans intermission  
 An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,  
 A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare.

*Du. Sen.* What foole is this?  
*Iaq.* O worthe Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier  
 And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,  
 They haue the gift to know it: and in his braue,  
 Which is as drie as the remainder bisket  
 After a voyage: He hath strange places cram'd  
 With obseruation, the which he vents  
 In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,  
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.  
*Du. Sen.* Thou shalt haue one.

*Iaq.* It is my onely suite,  
 Provided that you weed your better iudgements  
 Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,  
 That I am wise. I must haue liberty  
 Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,  
 To blow on whom I please, for so fooles haue:  
 And they that are most gauled with my folly,  
 They most must laugh: And why fir must they so?  
 The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church:  
 Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,  
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
 Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not,  
 The Wife-mans folly is anathomiz'd,  
 Euen by the squandering glances of the foole.

Inuest me in my motley: Giue me leaue  
 To speake my minde, and I will through and through  
 Cleanse the foule bodie of th' infected world,  
 If they will patiently receiue my medicine.

*Du. Sen.* Fit on thee. I can tell what thou wouldst do.

*Iaq.* What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

*Du. Sen.* Most mischeuous foule sin, in chiding sin:  
 For thou thy selfe hast bene a Libertine,  
 As sensuall as the brutish sting it selfe,  
 And all th'imbossed sores, and headed euils,  
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught,  
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the generall world.

*Iaq.* Why who cries out on pride,  
 That can therein taxe any priuate party:  
 Dorth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,  
 Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe,  
 What woman in the Citie do I name,  
 When that I say the Citie woman beares  
 The cost of Princes on vnworthy shoulders?  
 Who can come in, and say that I meane her,  
 When such a one as free, such is her neighbor?  
 Or what is he of basest function,  
 That sayes his brauerie is not on my cost,  
 Thinking that I meane him, but therein suites  
 His folly to the mettle of my speech,  
 There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein  
 My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,  
 Then he hath wrong'd himselfe: if he be free,  
 why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies  
 Vnclain'd of any man. But who come heere?

*Enter Orlando.*

*Orl.* Forbeare, and eate no more.  
*Iaq.* Why I haue eate none yet.  
*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be seru'd.  
*Iaq.* Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?  
*Du. Sen.* Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distress?  
 Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
 That in ciuility thou seem'st so emptie?  
*Orl.* You touch'd my veine at first, the thorny point  
 Of bare distress, hath cane from me the shew  
 Of smoooth ciuility: yet am I in-land bred,  
 And know some nourture: But forbeare, I say,  
 He dies that touches any of this fruit,  
 Till I, and my affaires are answered.  
*Iaq.* And you will not be answer'd with reason,  
 I must dye.

*Du. Sen.* What would you haue?  
 Your gentlenesse shall force, more then your force  
 Moue vs to gentlenesse.

*Orl.* I almost die for food, and let me haue it.  
*Du. Sen.* Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table.  
*Orl.* Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,  
 I thought that all things had bin sauage heere,  
 And therefore put I on the countenance  
 Of sterne command'ment. But what ere you are  
 That in this desert inaccessible,  
 Vnder the shade of melancholly boughes,  
 Loose, and neglect the creeping houres of time:  
 If euer you haue look'd on better dayes:  
 If euer bene where bells haue knoll'd to Church:  
 If euer sate at any good mans feast:  
 If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,  
 And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:  
 Let gentlenesse my strong enforcement be,  
 In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword.

R

Duke